

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXVIII.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1899.

NUMBER 22

Published every week.
\$1.00 a year, in advance.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y.
as second class matter.

The Span of Life.

The Dawn is gray,
And night's dark shadows fade away
Sing low, sing sweet, the lullaby;
The little one lies still and sleeps,
While softly through the casement creeps
The light of day,
And night winds whisper ere they die
The lullaby.

Would we could tell
What happy thoughts and fancies dwell,
As baby's cradle rocks away:
Wide open are the dear one's eyes,
An unknown world before them lies;
Yet come what may,
The mother weaves her tender spell,
And all is well.

And morning brings
The soft unfolding of the wings,
The steps of tiny feet,
The prattle none may understand
Save those who dwell in Babyland;
While lips repeat
The nursery songs of childish things
That mother sings.

The noon's bright rays
Shine down on books and childhood's
plays;
And vanished, one by one,
Are ragged dolls and broken toys,
While now is heard the fun and noise
When school is done,
And yet we miss the baby ways
Of other days.

The tide is high,
And on Life's stream the sunbeams lie.
Then comes a tender strain
Of happy music, soft and low,
Love guides the frail bark to and fro
With sweet refrain.
Youth's afternoon glides swiftly by
While Love is high.

The dusk comes on
And hides the glories of the sun;
Yet all the heavens ring
With wedding bells, for life is blest,
And happy is the cozy nest
Where Love is King.
His joyous reign hath just begun
Though day is done.

Now near, now far,
There comes the moaning of the bar,
While Life's bark glides along,
Long years have turned the tresses gray,
Yet dear ones cheer the onward way
With happy song;
And love still reigns, while shines afar
The Evening star.

Now bent and white
Are tired heads; the falling sight
Sees the shadows creep.
The bark of Life hath touched the strand,
And Old Age waits with folded hand,
The long, last sleep.
A breath—a touch of fingers light—
And it is Night.

—Boston Transcript.

A CZAR'S HUNT.

His majesty had listened with some interest to Von Holstein's description of how he had under the auspices of the imperial huntsman Arnheim laid siege to the hibernating den of a big bear and—again with the help of the of the huntsman, though Von Holstein did not dwell on this point—had succeeded in slaying the brute.

"What—they make a house, as it were, for the winter and shut themselves up there?" said the czar, incredulously.

"Exactly so, majesty," said Holstein, "a very convenient arrangement for the sportsman."

"But stop—what do they do—how do they live? They must eat, I suppose, in winter as in summer?"

"It is a marvelous dispensation of nature, ordained for the comfort of bears, that these brutes require no food during the winter season, but sleep during the whole period, existing upon their own fat."

"Well, then what? You found this den?"

"Arnheim's men knew of it," said the attaché, "and I."

"And you attacked the bear in his den and killed him—devil take it, I see there is danger in the sport!"

fighting!" And with that he sprang after the bear with his spear.

"By St. Nicholas!" ejaculated the czar. "Arnheim is a brave man. I will remember it. Well, and then?"

"Then I quickly loaded the guns and went close to Arnheim, who fought with the bear. Arnheim's spear was well struck into the bear's stomach, and the bear stood and pushed at one end of it and Arnheim at the other. 'Shoot!' cried Arnheim. And don't miss, lordship, for this one's too heavy for me! I shot, putting the nose of my gun close to the brute's ear and fired. He gave a terrible roar and pushed like 1,000 furies at the spear, and in an instant both he and Arnheim were rolling together in the snow, but Arnheim beneath."

"Lord have mercy upon us!" muttered the czar, crossing himself. "Well, Arnheim is dead, no doubt? And how did you escape? You ran faster than the wounded bear, I doubt not."

"There was no need, majesty. It was the bear that was dead and Arnheim unhurt."

The czar crossed himself a second time.

"And you tell me there is little danger in it?" he said reproachfully.

"I protest, majesty, by favor, I was never in danger."

"Devil take it, Holstein, I think I will shoot a bear myself! I have nerve. I tell you unusual nerve and courage! Yes, I will shoot a bear—that is, if you will accompany me. Arnheim shall come also, of course. What say you? Shall we kill a bear together?"

Von Holstein was quite pleased to accompany the czar upon a second bear hunting expedition, because there was just the chance of glory, while, since his majesty would pay all expenses, the economy of the day's sport was assured.

"Arnheim," he said, "his majesty wishes to shoot a bear. Go to him at once and make arrangements."

"Good lord!" ejaculated Arnheim.

"But the czar has never pulled a trigger in his life."

"Never mind, Arnheim," said the diplomat. "Go to his majesty. We'll pull the triggers and, who knows, we may save the czar in which case we shall be decorated."

So Arnheim went to receive his orders, which were that his majesty would go shooting at nine the next morning. It must not be a she bear with cubs, explained the czar, because he was informed that these are very dangerous. Moreover, Arnheim must find his bear close to the palace, because the czar desired to be back at twelve.

"But, your majesty, where am I to find a bear so close at hand that it can be reached and shot within a couple of hours?" The bears haunt wild, distant places."

"Fool!" said the czar, growing angry. "I tell you there is a parade of the guards at 12. I will shoot this bear and be back in time for the parade."

Five minutes later Arnheim appeared before Von Holstein. The huntsman was in tears and declared that he was lost; he was a dead man; he was off to Siberia!

Von Holstein bade the fellow play the man. There was no need to talk of Siberia until he had exhausted every resource in his search for a bear. But at 7 in the morning Arnheim rang up the young diplomat once more, and, looking a mere wreck of his usually sturdy and genial self, declared that there was not a bear known of within a radius of five miles.

"Never mind," said Von Holstein, "I've thought of a plan. There's a little risk in it, but that is better than disobeying the czar who, as all the world knows, is insane upon the question of absolute obedience."

It was 9 at night when Arnheim returned. He was haggard and worn but radiant.

"All is well," he murmured. "I have the wild beast, lordship. He and his master are on the road to Ruchee. There is a little wood only a mile from Samson bridge. I propose to make the berloga there."

"Good!" said Holstein. "The nearer the better."

The two sportsmen overtook the

bear and his master by the river side near the Samson bridge. He was a fine large bear, and whined and moaned as he went along, for he was very hungry.

"I wouldn't have him fed at his usual time," explained Arnheim, "because he must eat a large meal in the lair and fall asleep there, otherwise he might not remain."

"Good again!" said Holstein. "You are genius, Arnheim."

The wood, scarcely half a mile from the outskirts of the town, suited admirably. In the middle of it was a spot in which two or three trees had fallen over one another. Here Arnheim deftly dug in the snow a large hole, rooted by the chaos of broken branches and backed by the pines—just such a spot as a bear would choose for his winter house. Into this den a huge supply of food was placed ready for bruin's use; the snow was carefully piled and hardened at the sides, and the berloga was ready.

"Stop; we must have the chain off," said Holstein. "Did you think of bringing a file, Arnheim?"

Arnheim had a file, but though the bear was glad enough to have the chain removed he absolutely refused to allow even his master to file away the ring at his nose, growing very angry and savage over the matter—so much so, indeed, that it was judged advisable to desist for the present.

"I can do anything with him when he's full," explained Ivan, his keeper, "but he's apt to be savage when his stomach's empty."

So the bear was fed, entering promptly and kindly into the wishes of those present by climbing straightway into the berloga and starting with a grunt of incredulous joy to demolish the provisions as though he had not seen food for a week.

"Stay with him, Ivan," said Arnheim, "and use the file when he is in a good temper. We shall be here at 10 tomorrow. If all is well then you shall have your money down."

In the morning, soon after 9, the czar having ascertained that the bear's den had been found and all arrangements made and having assured himself further that the animal was a single gentleman or possibly a single lady—but, at any rate, not a married lady with a family—started upon his sporting enterprise, determined, but somewhat nervous.

Arnheim was shocked and alarmed to find, on arrival at the berloga, that, though Ivan, the bear keeper, was present, he was very drunk, so much so that it was impossible to get any sort of conversation out of him.

With the czar stood Arnheim and Von Holstein, each holding two extra guns—single barrels, of course, and of a type in use just 100 years ago, for the emperor was Paul, father of Nicholas I, and the date about 1800.

Two other men stood by with bear spears, wicked looking weapons of stout ash, with double edged steel blades of a murderous sharpness and thickness. There were even a couple of horses tethered to two trees close by, in case of accidents, the czar having explained that he desired horses in order that the bear might be followed up quickly should he escape, though there were those who believed that his majesty intended the animals for another purpose.

Ivan, the bear keeper, remained close to the lair, armed only with the stick with which he was accustomed to dominate his dancing friend.

"Who is that man?" asked the czar. "And why does he stand so near the berloga and grin in that foolish manner? Is he drunk?"

"He is the peasant who found the berloga," explained Arnheim. "It will be his duty to start the bear when your majesty is ready. It is a dangerous duty, and he is no doubt a little drunk. It is often necessary in big game shooting to produce artificial courage in those who occupy dangerous positions."

"Good!" said the czar. "He is a brave man. Stay! I, too, will take a glass of vodka! Now," he continued, having refreshed the inner czar, "I am ready. Stand prepared, you two, Arnheim and Von Holstein. Stay! Are you certain this is a single bear and not

a she bear with cubs? I—I must remember my responsibility to the state. It is useless to run needless risks."

"Ivan is certain," said Holstein. "He actually saw the creature enter the den."

"Yes, but it may have given birth to cubs since then," said Paul, looking very pale and anxious. "Here, you, Ivan," he continued. "Are you sure this is a male bear and not a dam with cubs?"

Ivan smiled inanely, but very pleasantly.

"Why, bless you," he said, "I ought to know! Only last night I—"

"He verified it last night," interrupted Holstein, with great presence of mind, "through a hole which he pierced in the snow wall of the den. There are no cubs."

The czar planted his feet bravely and held his gun firmly; he crossed himself with his left hand and muttered a prayer.

Then Ivan lifted up his voice and roared at the bear, using the usual endearing words in which he was accustomed to address the animal when inviting him to dance.

There came a moaning and a groaning from within, for, as a matter of fact, the poor old gentleman, comfortably ensconced in the den, was lying full of food, intensely happy, altogether disinclined for dancing or any other foolishness involving movement or exertion.

Ivan beat the side of the den with his stick. At the third call, emitting as he came a moan of profound, unspeakable anguish, out rushed poor bruin, and, obedient to his training and to the voice of his master, rose upon his hind legs and commenced to dance around Ivan in the pathetically ludicrous manner of his tribe. To the horror of Arnheim and Holstein they perceived that he still wore the ring in his snout!

"Holy Virgin!" cried the excited czar. "What is the doing? The man will be killed! This must be a she bear with cubs. Stand aside, Arnheim; I will shoot. I—have the horses ready there!"

The czar fired his guns and missed. By some concatenation of chances, all tending most unfortunately for that bear, the emperor's second bullet flew straight. Down fell bruin, dead or dying.

Then drunken Ivan fell also over the body of his beloved companion and wailed and howled aloud, crying out, with many Russian adornments of speech, that his dear friend and the source of his very living had been taken from him to make sports for kings.

"What does the fellow mean?" cried the delighted czar. "Did he not sell us this berloga?"

"Certainly, majesty," said Arnheim. "He is drunk, and knows not what he is saying."

"Then pay him and take him away," said the czar, and Ivan was led blubbering from the field.

Meanwhile Arnheim plied the file upon the nose ring and was able to remove this before the czar had done with Ivan.

But Paul, examining the bear, presently noticed the score in bruin's nostrils and inquired what the mark meant. Holstein rose to the emergency.

"That must have been your majesty's first shot, he explained. 'I thought you could scarcely have missed, judging from the accuracy of your second attempt.'"

Paul had never been seen in so amiable a frame of mind as on that day. He rewarded and decorated all concerned, and the matter would have passed off magnificently had it not unfortunately occurred to his majesty a couple of days later to send for Ivan. He would shoot another bear, he said; Ivan should find him another.

So Ivan, still very drunk, was ushered into the presence and left alone with his majesty.

What passed at the interview cannot with accuracy be described, but it is certain that Ivan presently departed with orders to take the huntsmen, Arnheim, for a bear dance around the town. Ivan was to lead him with a halter around his neck and make him dance at 25 principal corners. It is, moreover, and ascertained fact that Von Holstein from this hour was no

longer a persona grata at court and soon left for Berlin.

But the bearskin remained to prove to all and sundry that though a czar and unable to devote his time, which belonged to the state, to such pursuits, his majesty could face the fiercest of wild beasts, if he liked, as bravely as another—aye, and overthrow him with the best.

Moreover, there was not a trace of a ring mark about the snout.

And the friends of Professor Dubinof, of the Academy of Arts, all agreed that the czar was ever ready to reward magnificently the work of those who served him well, for his majesty decorated that eminent scientist, who superintended the curing and setting up of the bearskin, with the order of St. Anne of the second class.

Theskin certainly was beautifully prepared, and what is still more to the credit of the professor, is that instead of shrinking, as some skins do in the curing, the czar's bear had gained at least a foot in length since death.—Longman's Magazine.

GUARDING THE MINT.

Probably not one person out a hundred who passes by the Philadelphia mint, that grim-looking edifice at Chestnut and Juniper streets, after nightfall, realizes what is going on inside. From the Philadelphia Inquirer we learn of precautions taken to properly protect, especially at night, the millions upon millions piled up in the great vaults.

The doors of the mint are closed every week-day promptly at four o'clock in the afternoon.

Simultaneously with the closing of the doors, the first shift of the night guard goes on duty.

The shift is composed of the captain of the guard and eleven stalwart men. As the men file out to begin their round each one is handed a big Colt's revolver of the most approved pattern, and loaded with big cartridges.

From then on until midnight seven of the eleven guards patrol without cessation every floor of the inside of the mint, from the corridors of the gloomy vaults, where, away down in the earth, are stowed eighty odd million dollars in silver, and almost as much gold, to the top floor, in which there is nothing more valuable than machinery.

Placed at frequent intervals throughout corridors are electrical devices for enabling the captain of the guard to keep tabs on his force of men.

Each of these little machines communicates with the rotunda opposite the Chestnut Street entrance to the mint. Here it is that the captain is stationed all through the long hours of his nightly shift.

Outside the big building the mint guards are patrolling up and down, carefully watching that no suspicious characters approach too near the vast treasure left in their care. Promptly at midnight the second shift of the night guard puts in an appearance to relieve the early shift. It is also composed of a captain and eleven men, and they are split up, as the other squad, into inside and outside details. From midnight on, until seven o'clock in the morning, they follow in the footsteps of the first shift, with every faculty alert to catch an intruder.

The big revolvers are not the only weapons upon which the guards have to rely. On each side of the main corridor leading from the Chestnut Street entrance, stands a walnut case. Through the polished glass front of one frown twenty Winchester rifles. The other contains as many ugly-looking carbines.

Each of the guards is an expert in the use of both the pistol and the gun, and each is endowed with a plentiful stock of courage; hence a combination capable of successfully resisting almost anything less than a regiment. In addition to the two shifts of night guards, the superintendent and assistant custodian have a habit of dropping in at the mint at odd hours of the night to see that everything is going on all right.

The mint is connected with the central telephone station, and should there be trouble the captain

of the guard could communicate police headquarters in a brief space of time.—Household.

SHE, TOO, "PLAYS BALL."

HOW MRS. WILLIAM E. HOY HELPS HER HUSBAND.

If you were at the ball game Monday you might have seen, seated in the grand stand, where she had a good view of the players, a bright little lady who paid fully as much attention to the play as the umpire, and who, every now and then, gave quick, but not demonstrative, signals to the center field, who was, in fact, "playing ball" quite as earnestly and often as successfully as any of the big fellows in uniform down below. And if you watched the center fielder when St. Louis was at the bat you would have noticed how closely his keen eyes—which never missed a play in any part of the field—watched the little lady and how he responded instantly to some of her signals.

The player down in the field was William E. Hoy; the little lady in the grand stand was his wife. Both were born deaf and dumb, though she long since learned "lip reading," which means that she can interpret another's speech by watching the speaker's lips, and she responds in speech fully as intelligibly as that of ordinary individuals, though more of a monotone, yet with a modulation that gives a piquancy and an added charm to her conversation.

Only when talking with a man who carries a big mustache is she bothered in catching the meaning of the words from the movements of the lips. Hoy can read lips, too, but not as well as his bright little wife, and he talks, but not as much, and seldom to strangers.

Among the ballplayers is no more interesting personality than that of William E. Hoy. He is very well educated and writes a better letter than half the college professors could write. When he was old enough to strike out for himself he studied for a long time ever the choice of work. Finally, he chose that of playing ball, in which as a boy he had become an adept in his native Ohio town, believing that he could succeed in that, with as little handicap from his infirmity as in any other business.

Several successful years have justified his judgment. He is well-to-do and could retire from the diamond without fear of the future. But he has figured out just how many more seasons he can expect to last and means to keep on until then. Said an authority on such matters: "Hoy is one of the brightest ball players in the business—and I've known and watched ever since Ted Sullivan first signed him, ever so many years ago. No play on the field escapes him; he watches everywhere." Mrs. Hoy, born Lowery, was left an orphan when young and became an inmate of the Cincinnati Orphans' Home. She was so bright in acquiring an education that the institution and its officers were proud of her, and became exceedingly attached to her. She numbered among her friends some of the best people of the city, and when she was married last fall the wedding was quite a society event, taking up a couple of columns in the papers. She received a great number of presents, some very valuable, among them being \$5000 in Government bonds from the bridegroom.

For a time Mrs. Hoy will travel with her husband, and in St. Louis they are stopping at the Southern. She goes to all the games and has learned all about ball that an outsider can learn and helps her husband with her signals, never making a mistake about "strikes" or "ball," etc., as announced by the umpire. She is helpful to the sturdy center fielder and laughingly declares she "likes to play ball."

As to her husband—well, who couldn't or wouldn't play good ball with such a charming mentor watching and directing him from the grand stand!—St. Louis Post Dispatch, May 16, 1899.

Speaking of art, the Chicago River is a water color in a class all by itself.

LIFE'S PATHWAY.

(FOR THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.)

Some poets who write for the pathway of life,
Describe it as dazzlingly fair,
All sunshine and roses, and so on, and so forth.
No thistles nor thorns growing there.
Why do they not tell of the worry and care,
Each one in his life has to meet.
It would prepare us in part for the Battle of life,
The bitter as well as the sweet.

A flower-strewn pathway through life,
Is something most rare to behold,
Something to read of, but seldom to know,
Nor can it be purchased with gold.
No matter how dearly our loved ones we prize,
Or how jealously guard them from care,
On their pathway of life will the thistle and thorn,
Spring up 'mid the flowers so fair.

So dear writer of poetry rare,
Pause a moment, just one moment to think,
Has your pathway in life been so charmingly fair,
Ere of life's illusion's you bid us to drink;
Have not sombre-hued clouds come up in your skies,
And obscured all bright rays of the sun,
Have not thistles and thorns grown thick in your path,
Ere life's battle you had fairly won.

Tell the world of the trials and crosses,
The burden so heavy to bear;
The snares and temptations beset you
Ere you reach your position, so fair;
Bid them gird on the armor of faith,
And reach out for the highest renown,
Bear bravely the heaviest burdens of life,
And remember: No cross, no crown.
—MRS. JAMES DUANE.

Royal Devotees of Outdoor Sports.

The King and Queen of Italy lead a very simple life. King Humbert is an early riser, and takes some exercise before breakfast. He eats very light food—a small roast, a little wine and ice water being the customary menu. After the noon meal the royal pair take a short nap, and at four o'clock in the afternoon they take a long drive.

King Humbert devotes his attention to the minutest detail of his household, economy and order being his watchwords. Eight o'clock in the evening is dinner time at the palace. Afterwards the King visits the theatre or listens to private recitations, and he retires promptly at midnight.

The Queen is devoted to Alpine climbing. The Italian Alpine association has paid tribute to her courage in this direction by electing her an honorary member.

In Gressoney, on the Piedmont Alps, lives Baron Pecozze, whose family has for years furnished guides for the royal Alpine tourists. The Queen often lives in the villa of the Baron, who is now her guide and whose father died in 1895 while touring the Alps with Queen Marguerite. The Queen wears the regulation Tyrolean costume on her tours.

She is very fond of the soldier's life. On many occasions she invites officers of the army to her court, and orders the distribution of wine and cake among the privates.

King Humbert loves the Piedmont Alps, but his sport is in hunting the deer. From a recent expedition his party returned with forty-five deer.

The Most Beautiful Hands.

There is an old legend, says the Sunday Magazine, concerning three young women who disputed as to who had the most beautiful hands. One dipped her hands into the pure running stream, another picked berries until her fingers were pink, a third gathered roses until her hands were made sweet by their fragrance. An aged woman, careworn and decrepit, leaning on her staff, came asking a gift, but all alike refused her. A fourth young woman, making no claims to beauty, ministered unto her needs. The aged woman then said, "It is not the hand that is dipped in the brook, nor the hand made red with berries, nor the hand garlanded or perfumed with roses, that is the most beautiful, but the hand that giveth to the poor."

As she thus spoke her mask fell off, her staff was cast aside, her wrinkles vanished, and she stood before them an angel of God. It matters not whether the hand gives in money or whether it gives in sympathetic acts; whether it gives much or little, it is all given unto Christ. In some cases money would be quite useless, whilst kindness is priceless.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, JUNE 1, 1899.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 103d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One copy, one year, \$1.00
If not paid within six months, 1.50

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

"He's true to God who's true to man: Where'er wrong is done To the humblest and the weakest 'Neath the all-beholding sun, That wrong is also done to us, And they are slaves most base, Whose love of right is for themselves, And not for all the race."

MR. B. F. McNULTY, Superintendent of the Texas Institution for the Deaf, was a visitor at the JOURNAL office last week. He is making a tour of schools for the deaf in the East and North, with a view to ascertaining the best plans for a new Industrial Building and a Dormitory building for the Texas Institution, also to re-model the entire plant. The Texas Legislature has made the required appropriation for these contemplated improvements. Mr. McNulty has but recently assumed control at the Texas Institution, but has learned to use the manual alphabet, and seems to be a genial, live and earnest man. He speaks well of Prof. Blattner, who, it will be remembered, was removed by Superintendent Rose just before the latter's period of grace allowed by the Governor was ended. Superintendent McNulty's first act was to nullify his predecessor's parting shot, by reinstating Prof. Blattner in his former position as Principal of the Educational Department.

The New York Institution.

From the N. Y. Sun, May 22.

In the eightieth annual report of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, just issued, we find a number of facts relative to the history of such instruction in general. The first deaf-mute of American birth who is known to have enjoyed the benefits of a regular education was the son of Francis Green of this city. This boy, having been, about the year 1780, placed in the celebrated articulating school of Braidwood, near Edinburgh, Mr. Green visited the school in the following year, and, with the enthusiasm of parental fondness, wrote back a flattering account of his son's progress. This letter was preserved in the "Medical Repository," and had long afterward an influence in the formation of the New York school. A bronze tablet in memory of this same Francis Green was unveiled at the Horace Mann School, Boston, in November last, and addresses were made in honor of him "who was the first in this country to urge the education of the deaf." The first direct effort in New York State to instruct the deaf came from the Rev. John Stanford. In 1812 John Braidwood, a grandson of the founder of the Braidwood School, near Edinburgh, drifted to New York and collected a few deaf-mutes to form a school, which, however, did not long continue. In 1816, the American Consul at Bordeaux, France, on his return to America, brought with him a letter from a distinguished Frenchman, offering himself as a teacher of the deaf and dumb. The public and private interest aroused by this letter resulted in the first census of deaf-mutes ever made in the country, taken in 1817. On March 24th, 1818, with four young deaf-mutes in attendance, a day school, the nucleus of the present State institution, was opened. Before the close of the year the pupils had increased to thirty-three. The cornerstone of the first building for the permanent use of the institution was laid on Fifth Street, between Fourth and Fifth avenues, on Oct. 19, 1827. The building was dedicated on Sept. 30, 1829. The system of instruction then employed was what is now termed the "pure oral system." In 1831 the institution was placed upon a higher educational level. A little later the period of instruction was extended from three years to eight for each State pupil. In 1853 the cornerstone of the building now occupied by the institution was laid. The number of pupils enrolled during the last year was 444.

Pagilistically speaking, the tongue is mightier than the glove.

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION TO PROMOTE THE TEACHING OF SPEECH TO THE DEAF.

DIRECTORS.

Alexander Graham Bell, President.
A. L. E. Crozier, Vice-President and Auditor.
Caroline A. Vale, Vice-President.
Z. F. Westervelt, Secretary, Rochester, N. Y.
P. G. Gillett, Sarah Fuller.
Mrs. G. G. Hubbard, Richard O. Johnson.
Edmund Lyon.

SIXTH SUMMER MEETING.

RAILROAD CIRCULAR.

Arrangements have been made with the following Railroad Association for reduced rates—which will be one and one-third (1 1/3) fare for round trip—to members of the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf attending the meeting at Northampton, Mass., June 21 to 28 inclusive: The New England Passenger Association (covering New England states); the Trunk Line Association (covering states of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and West Virginia); the Southeastern Passenger Association (covering the southern states east of the Mississippi and south of the Ohio Rivers); the Central Passenger Association (covering states north of the Ohio River to the lakes, and west to the Mississippi, covering Illinois up to a line drawn from Burlington, Iowa, through Peoria, to Chicago.) Persons living in Wisconsin, northern Illinois, and the states west of the Mississippi cannot avail themselves of these reduced rates until they reached a point within the territory of the Central or the Southern Passenger Associations. They would better address in advance, agents at point, most convenient on their route, for rates and certificates, as trains will hardly stop long enough en route to enable them to get tickets and certificates also.

Agents at all principal stations in the above territories will be authorized to sell first-class full-fare one-way tickets (limited or unlimited) to all persons attending the meeting, and upon request will issue a printed certificate of such purchase. It will be advisable to advise the agent a week or ten days before the meeting, in order that he may provide himself with certificates. Should persons not be able to purchase through tickets and secure certificates at their nearest station, the agent at such station will direct them to the nearest point where they may be obtained. It is important that through tickets be purchased and certificates be obtained in each case. No reduced rates can be obtained for return trip without a certificate. Certificates are not transferable, and return tickets upon certificates are not transferable.

Tickets may be purchased for going trip not earlier than three days before the first day of the meeting (three days before June 21), and for the return trip not later than three days after the last day of the meeting (three days after June 28.) No certificates will be honored for tickets procured outside these limits.

Tickets for the return trip will be limited to continuous passage on first train after purchase, and it must read over the same route as the going trip. Return trip tickets will be sold certificate holders at one-third (1/3) the regular fare.

Return tickets at reduced rates will not be issued on less than one hundred (100) duly endorsed certificates. The Agent of the Railway Association will be present at the meeting on Monday, June 26, to give all certificates. Members are particularly requested to deposit their certificates with the undersigned (Railway Secretary) immediately upon arrival at the meeting in order that the Agent may give them properly upon the appointed day.

How to purchase tickets: Go to your nearest station and ask the agent for a through ticket to Northampton, Mass., then ask for a certificate attesting the fact of your purchase. Have your baggage checked through to Northampton.

Persons desiring to spend more time in the east than above limits permit, would do well to avail themselves of the round-trip summer tourist rates from all principal stations in the country to eastern summer resorts. From these points they may reach Northampton (and return to them) on the certificate plan as above directed. These tourist rates are little higher than the one and one-third rate on the certificate plan. Information as to tourist-rates to summer resorts may be obtained from railroad agents at principal stations about, or after, the first of June.

For additional information upon railroad matters, apply to F. W. BOOTH, (Acting) Railroad Secretary, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rev. H. Van Allen's Appointments.

SUNDAY, JUNE 4.

10:30 A.M., St. Paul's, Troy. Morning Prayer and Sermon. Holy Baptism.

3:00 P.M., St. Paul's, Albany. Evening Prayer and Sermon.

SUNDAY, JUNE 11.

10:30 A.M., St. Paul's, Troy. Morning Prayer and Sermon.

3:00 P.M., St. George's, Schenectady. Evening Prayer and Sermon.

"PINCHED DE FIRS' CLIP."

Burlington, Vt., Free Press, May 26.

"Ise dun wuked every town from Canton, Illinois, to Montreal, spen' three weeks thar an' jus' skipped um and dun come down inter Vermont and gets pinched de firs' clip." So he had, and realizing that he was caught he threw off the mask of deaf and dumb negro, discarded a pocketful of "deaf and dumb man's appeals" and went to jail. His name is E. S. Wright and he claims to hail from Canton, Ill. Altogether he is the smoothest character the police have found in many a day. Yesterday was the day of the steamer Chateaugay's trip to this city from Essex, N. Y. Several people came to spend the day in the city, and among them was a gentleman who had given a poor deaf and dumb man a supper, breakfast and lodging night before last. In addition the good New York samaritan had donated from his store fifty cents. On coming down to Essex to take the boat in the morning, several asked him about his deaf and dumb man. It soon dawned upon him that he had been duped, and his friend the village blacksmith told him he had seen and talked with the alleged deaf and dumb man and found him a very good conversationalist. To his friend of the night before the traveler had been as deaf as a post and as unable to talk as a dumb waiter.

On the way over the scoffer's words rankled in the New York samaritan's heart, and he was not in a happy frame of mind when he reached Burlington. After landing he walked to Central Vermont station and entering the waiting room nearly fainted to behold his friend the traveller. With outstretched hand and a broad smile of recognition, he advanced upon the stranger with the hope that he might yet throw back the words of the fun-makers and turn the joke upon them. He was disappointed and wounded to see his dark friend slip hurriedly away and disappear. When he recovered from the shock he started to follow, but the negro stranger was out of sight. He then hurried to the police office, where he reported the stranger and told his story. Chief Smith started Officer Russell for the station but the negro had skipped away. All day the eye of the police department was "peeled" for the negro, and Chief Smith took the precaution to telephone to Essex Junction and also to St. Albans.

Last night about 5:30 the telephone in the police office rang three times, and a voice at the other end of the line in Essex Junction said that a suspicious negro answering the description telephoned there in the morning, had been arrested by Deputy Sheriff J. H. Allen. Arrangements were made to bring the man to this city, and Officer Russell went to Winoski, where he was met by Sheriff Allen with the colored gentleman.

At the police office Wright, as he gave his name, threw up the game. His pockets were unloaded of several railroad time tables, a book of railroad rules, a deaf and dumb alphabet, a crucifix and beads and a supply of cards, which gave his scheme away. They read as follows:

"A DEAF AND DUMB MAN'S APPEAL."

When you meet a poor Christian on life's rugged road, Struggling to carry his burdensome load, Remember this maxim so good and so true: Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

I once was happy, joyous and gay, No sorrow or sadness ever darkened my way. But now I'm mute for life, as you see, There's nothing but sorrow and sadness for me.

So pray give me something my wants to relieve; Remember it's more blessed to give than to receive.

Oh! listen, kind friend, to the plea of a stranger Whose lot is one of misfortune and woe, Whose life is enshrouded with hardship and danger, Which none but the poor unfortunate know.

And think, gentle friend, as you read my sad story, That some day you may have a boy of your own Who may through misfortune, kind Heaven forbid, Be driven to wander this wide world alone. E. S. WRIGHT, of Canton, Ill.

To the chief, State's Attorney Brown and a reporter, he told his story. It was a tale of having worked the deaf and dumb racket pretty successfully. Three weeks he played the game in Montreal and skipped when the police discovered him and were about to arrest him. His cards he used upon freight trains and to get meals. He spent Wednesday night in this city and was bright enough to leave after seeing his host of the New York shore. He spent a good part of the day at Athletic Park, going there via the tunnel, and at 4 o'clock started for Essex Junction, stopping to get his supper at Winoski. He was getting his second supper at the house of Job Bates in Essex Junction when arrested. The deaf and dumb card had been exhibited there, and when the State's Attorney asked him why he did not talk to the der he replied: "Dat want in der game." He was charged with vagrancy and the deaf and dumb game don't go in the House of Correction.

PHILADELPHIA.

An Enjoyable Evening with the Clerc Association.

TWO HAPPY HOUSEHOLDS.

And a Variety of News Notes.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent

An enjoyable social was given at the room of the Clerc Literary Association, under the auspices of the Entertainment Committee, last Thursday evening, June 25th. The attendance was good.

John Kohlmann, Jr., gave a series of magic tricks with such cleverness as to both amuse and surprise his audience. Afterwards some guessing games were played, the winners receiving prizes.

Miss Annie J. Auer won a book of Meredith's poems in this way.

Mrs. M. J. Syle distributed some pretty colored cards and booklets to the children present, from which it may be inferred that the little folks also had a happy time. Refreshments were on sale.

A plate of cream, cake, and a glass of lemonade were served for ten cents, which was within the reach of all. Altogether a most pleasant evening was spent on this occasion.

During the progress of the social the Board of Managers of All Souls' Guild met in the rector's study, to transact such business as came before it. Among other things, the Board revived the office of Trustee of All Souls' Church. Accordingly at the next election the Pastor, Rev. J. M. Koehler, will appoint a Trustee who shall continue in office during his (the Pastor's) pleasure.

[Your reporter was just interrupted at his writing by an unusually loud noise, or concussion, and, going down stairs to investigate, found nothing to account for it. All was dark, however, and that led him to go to the front door to continue the investigation, and sure enough there he found his family leaked out. But they explained that the noise was not made by them, but came from the direction of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, which is hardly a half square away. That your reporter was busily engaged must be inferred from the fact that it took a cannon discharge to arouse him, and Mrs. "J. S. R." is now considering a note of thanks to Buffalo Bill.]

The Annual meeting of All Souls' Guild will be held some time in June. No date has been decided on yet, but it will be announced as soon as possible.

Mrs. John O'Neill, nee Miss Susie Quingley, of Phoenixville, Pa., presented her husband with a boy, on Thursday night, 25th ult. Mother and child are doing nicely.

A girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. James Oakes, of this city, to-day (29th of May.) Congratulations to both of the above couples.

The Catholic Deaf-Mutes Mission will have an excursion to Atlantic City, on June 4th.

A most serious mishap is reported to have befallen Mr. S. Dunlop Baker, of this city. From the meagre information received, the fingers of his right hand were squeezed to a jelly, last week. As Mr. Baker is a printer, we presume it was done by a press. After the accident, he fell on the floor in a faint and was sent to the Episcopal Hospital for treatment. It is feared that amputation of the fingers will be necessary to save his life. The loss of a deaf-mute's right hand fingers is most unfortunate.

A strawberry festival will be given by the Catholic Deaf-Mutes' Mission, on June 15th.

The ladies of All Souls' Church will also arrange one, according to report.

There will be a celebration of Holy Communion at All Souls' Church on Sunday, June 14th.

Mr. Joseph Mayer, Jr. has a stand at Chestnut Hill Park, where he will dispense grape juice by the glass at a popular price.

On behalf of the Philadelphia deaf, and at the special request of Mr. Washington Honston, we send Rev. Gallaudet a birthday greeting through the JOURNAL.

Recently Mr. Charles H. Sharrar was the only passenger besides a lady on a Foxhase car, and came to perform the lady a service this way. As the car stopped for the lady to alight, she was noticed in a fainting condition. Mr. Sharrar went to her assistance, and after getting her address, escorted her home, a courtesy which she will probably not soon forget, for she took his name and address.

Lewis I. Ash, of Phoenixville, rode up here on his wheel to remain over Decoration Day.

Miss Annie J. Auer went to Tacony on Saturday, to be gone a week.

A party of deaf with some hearing friends will spend Decoration Day at Olney, anticipating a nice time.

Mrs. Kate Oakerson's son, Clarence, was married a few days ago in New Jersey.

Mrs. Elizabeth Ferrall has gone to Reading, Pa., for a two weeks' visit.

Mr. Frederick Buch was in Norristown, on Sunday to visit and decorate his wife's grave.

J. S. K.

May 29, '99.

FANWOOD.

Wednesday, the 24th inst., the Fanwoods packed up their baseball rigs and repaired to the Navy Yard to face the baseball team of the U. S. S. Massachusetts for the second time. A better day could not have been chosen, it was so bright, that the prospects of a good licking at the hands of the sailors seemed bright, too. However, this did not dampen the ardor of the Fanwoods, and subsequently it turned out that the licking would be postponed indefinitely as far as the Fanwoods were concerned. Arriving at the Navy Yard, the team was met by Seaman Bissinger and escorted to the baseball ground, which is the parade ground facing the Marine barracks. The game began at 3.20, with Fanwood at the bat. The spectators for the most part consisted of marines and sailors, a billy goat and a couple of dogs, the last named two presumably mascots. A large crowd of outsiders gathered around the iron fence on the eastern side. They were very much interested in the game, but the lack of "passes," and a sentinel at the gate made them reluctant to enter the sacred precincts of the barrack yard. The opening innings of the game, were close, the sailors keeping the score well down but after the seventh inning, the Fanwoods piled up the runs that gave them the game. Both teams did some hustling and it was only by the hardest work that the Fanwoods won. Below is the score in detail:

FANWOOD. AB R H PO A E
Capt. Rappolt, 3b., 6 2 2 1 1 1
H. Muench, ss., 6 1 3 0 1 1
J. A. Ellein, 1.f., 5 1 0 0 0 0
T. Orman, r.f., 1 0 0 0 0 0
J. Dyer, 2b., 5 2 1 1 1 1
F. Bachman, c.f., 5 0 1 1 0 0
T. G. Cook, c., 3 1 0 16 2 1
G. Duane, 1.f., 4 1 1 0 0 0
Brown, 1b., 5 2 3 0 0 0
E. Ellis, p., 5 3 1 0 3 0
Totals, 45 12 11 27 8 4

MASS. U. S. NAVY. AB R H PO A E
Mann, 1b., 5 1 4 8 6 4
Lyons, 2b., 2 0 0 3 0 0
Sullivan, ss., 5 0 0 0 0 0
Bissinger, 3b., 5 3 0 1 1 1
Zimmerman, 1.f., 4 0 1 0 0 0
Helms, 1.f., 2 1 1 0 0 0
Schumacher, c.f., 4 1 3 5 0 0
Stolen, 1b., 4 0 0 1 0 0
McManany, c., 4 1 1 13 2 0
Capt. Churchill, p., 4 2 3 0 0 1
Totals, 42 7 14 27 9 7

INNINGS. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
FANWOOD. 0 0 1 0 2 1 3 3 12
MASS. U. S. N. 0 2 0 0 0 2 2 7

Earned runs—Fanwood, 5; Mass., 2. Left on bases—Fanwood, 9; Mass., 7. First base on errors—Fanwood, 3; Mass., 2. Base on balls—Off Churchill, 3. Struck out—By Ellis, 16; Churchill, 12. Two-base hits—E. Rappolt, Dyer, Zimmerman and Churchill. Three-base hits—Brown and Churchill. Stolen bases—Ellis (2). Passed balls—Cook, 1; McManany, 4. Double plays—Cook unassisted. Umpire—Mr. Monahan, of Marine. Scorer—H. Heardt, of Fanwood. Attendance, 500. Time of game—One hour and fifty-five minutes.

While the game was in progress, Messrs. Keiser, Reiff, Fluhr and Powell, stepped over to the U.S.S. Brooklyn, which is in the dry dock and then went all over the vessel,—that is, wherever the guards on duty allowed them. Among the deaf visitors at the game were Chris. Vernon and Miss Annie C. Kugeler, James Avena, John Gorr, Walter B. Taylor and W. S. Abrams. Five o'clock is the time the yard is closed to visitors, and it was regretted that we could not make a thorough visit of the yard, and the Massachusetts being anchored off Tompkinsville, S. I., there was no chance of seeing it either. The battleship sailed for Newport, on Saturday, the 27th. That's the last we will see of the Jack Tars, and the marines.

On Friday, May 26th, Messrs. Eli Ellis, Jr., and Herman Heardt left here for Tompkinsville, Staten Island. They were met by David Lyons, a gunner of the U. S. Battleship Massachusetts, and invited to his office and talked with him. In a few minutes, two sailors named Hiens and Bessinger came, and showed them through all parts of the ship. They returned to school at seven in the evening and related their experience to the boys.

Last Saturday afternoon some of the boys went to the boat-house of Columbia College, in their boat Proteus, and were shown through the boat-house and saw the shells of the crews. They also witnessed an exciting race between the Freshmen and Subs., under the coaching of Dr. Walter B. Peet.

G. B. D.

The Georgia School for the Deaf has a fire brigade among the boys. A short time ago there was a firemen's tournament in Rome, in that State, and the deaf boys attended and made a run. They did fine work, and were awarded a \$25 silver service as a prize.—Minn. Companion.

AGENTS WANTED.—FOR "THE LIFE AND Achievements of Admiral Dewey," the world's greatest naval hero. By Murat Halstead, the lifelong friend and admirer of the nation's idol. Biggest and best book; over 500 pages, 8x10 inches, nearly 100 pages halftone illustrations. Only \$1.50. Enormous demand. Big commissions. Outfit free. Chance of a lifetime. Write quick. The Duntz Company, 3rd Floor Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Students Witness the Parade and Fireworks OF THE PEACE JUBILEE.

The Lit Meeting--A Tie for the Baseball Championship.

From our Washington Correspondent.

The past week on Kendall Green has been all excitement. The National Peace Jubilee was held during the week, and besides we have had a meeting of the Lit, baseball games, and the annual election of a Board of Managers for the Buff and Blue. In view of the fact that the Peace Jubilee lasted through three days, the faculty decided to omit one recitation for each day in order that the students might witness the celebration. The first recitation of each class was omitted the first day, the second on the second day, and the third on the third day. The celebration consisted of parades in the day and displays of fireworks at night. On Tuesday the naval and military parade took place in the afternoon and at night the battle of Manila was vividly reproduced by Payne's fireworks company, on the grounds near the Washington Monument. Wednesday came the parade of private equipages variously decorated, and at night the fireworks company gave the destruction of Cervera's fleet. Thursday the parade was a historical display, and the fireworks the battle of Manila again. The fireworks were simply grand, but of course only served to give a faint idea of the awfulness of the events they were intended to represent. Pictures in fire of the men best known as being concerned in those events were given, and the national flag, a sheet of flame colored perfectly to represent the red, white and blue of the flag, was sent hundreds of feet in the air so that every person in all parts of the city could view it.

The Buff and Blue election was held Friday. The new board consists of James W. Lowell, '00 Editor in chief. Miss Maud Brizendine, '01, Miss Elizabeth DeLong, '02, and Robert S. Taylor, '01, associate Editors. John H. Clark, '02, Local Editor. Prof. John B. Hotchkiss, '69, Alumni Editor. Wilhelm F. Schneider, '02, Exchange Editor. Peter T. Hughes, '02, Athletic Editor. Littleton A. Long, '00, Business Manager, and John S. Fisher, '01, Assistant. The retiring board has certainly done its best to keep the magazine up to the standard set by former boards, and we feel that the magazine itself is the best testimonial as to whether it has been able to do so or not. The books of the business manager show that the paper is in better financial condition than for years past, and he and his assistant are well deserving of the vote of thanks, given them by the Board and by the student body for the good work they have done. As to the new Board, we prefer to let its work during the coming year speak for it.

The Lit. meeting took place Friday night, the program being as follows:

LECTURE: Prof. Hotchkiss, '69.

DEBATE: "Are trusts injurious to the general welfare of the citizens of the United States?" Affirmative, Messrs. Schneider, '02 and Johnson, I. C. Negative, Messrs. Andrew, '02, and Miller, I. C.

DIALOGUE: "The shape of the Earth." Messrs. Hoyer, '02, and Hewetson, I. C.

DECLAMATION: "Horatius," Mr. Waters.

Prof. Hotchkiss chose for his Subject "Athletics." He kept the audience in good spirits throughout the hour by his witty remarks. He reviewed the origin of many of the games we have today. In short, gave his audience much information as well as amusement. The judges of the debate decided in favor of the negative.

In the game of baseball with Western Maryland College here at home Saturday, the visitors were completely shut out, getting neither hit nor run off Rosson. Gallaudet made seven runs and ten hits. Our team had not taken very much practice the past week, owing to the Peace Jubilee and none of the most enthusiastic among us hoped far such an easy victory. But the rest seems more to have benefited the men than to have injured their condition. There was not much excitement but enough good baseball to keep the large crowd interested. The winning of this game, makes it necessary for Gallaudet to play Maryland Agriculture College again in order to decide the League Championship.

Inning. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Gallaudet, 2 1 0 0 0 0 2 2 x-7
Western Md., 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

The standing of the colleges in the league is now as follows:

WON LOST PERCENT.

Gallaudet 4 1 80
Md. Agr'l College 4 1 80
Johns Hopkins 3 2 60
Washington College 3 2 60
W. Md. College 1 4 25
St. John's 0 5 0

The prize won by Gallaudet at the track meet last Saturday was received Saturday. It is a handsome silver loving cup. It now helps to adorn the new case in the reading room. Long, '00, has been elected to Captain the track team next year.

Norris, '01, was called home Saturday because of the serious illness of his father. He will return in the fall and rejoin his class.

Lawrence, '02, also left for home Saturday to be present at his brother's wedding.

Mr. Edson Gallaudet was visiting his father yesterday. He came to Annapolis with the Yale boat crew of which he is head coach. The Yale boys defeated the Naval Cadets completely in the race Saturday.

Mrs. Gallaudet is slowly improving, and in a few days will go to their summer home in Connecticut.

A sister of Miss Rogers, '99, is visiting her. She will remain in the city with relatives until college closes in June, and accompany the latter home.

Miss Nettie Dikins, of Tennessee, a deaf young lady, is visiting relatives and friends in the city, incidentally taking in the Jubilee and ball games.

Mr. Harry Benson, foreman of the printing office at the Maryland School, accompanied by a friend, came to Washington Saturday to see the ball game and remained over night with the Maryland boys.

Some of the boys have been trying to solve the mysteries(?) of golf on the campus during the past few weeks.

R. S. T.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

JUNE 4TH, FIRST TRINITY SUNDAY, 3.30 P.M.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, New York.

St. Mark's Church, Adelphi Street, Brooklyn. Holy Communion.

Trinity Church, Newark, and St. John's Church, Yonkers.

Dr. Gallaudet will be happy to see his friends on the evening of June 3d, at 112 W. 78th St., from 7 till 10 o'clock.

The "Lawn Party" will be held at the Gallaudet Home on Wednesday, June 7th. The 10:30 A.M., train will stop at New Hamburg. Persons can take this train at 125th St., at 10:30.

Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments.

JUNE.

4-11.00 A.M., St. Luke's, Rochester.
4-7.30 P.M., St. Luke's, Rochester.
9-7.30 P.M., St. Paul's, Buffalo, (Ephphatha League meeting).
11-10.45 A.M., St. Paul's, Buffalo.
11-7.30 P.M., St. Paul's, Buffalo.
13-8.00 P.M., Christ Church, Oswego.
14-All day, Diocesan Convention, Christ Church, Oswego.
18-9.00 A.M., Trinity Church, Utica, (Holy Communion).
18-3.00 P.M., St. John's, Oneida.
18-7.30 P.M., St. Paul's, Syracuse.
22-7.30 P.M., Watkins.
23-7.30 P.M., Trinity Chapel, Elmira.
25-10.45 A.M., Christ Church, Binghamton, (Holy Communion).
25-9.00 A.M., Christ Church, Binghamton.
Address: REV. C. O. DANTZER, 17 Glenwood Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

It is a fact not generally known, and one which will probably excite surprise, that the old New York Institution for the Education of the Deaf, at Washington Heights, New York City, has educated more deaf-blind persons than any other school in the country.—The Silent Hoosier.

Hottest Spot on Earth.

The Red Sea is perhaps the hottest spot on the face of this whirling sphere. It has been estimated that only one steamer out of twenty passes through without loss of life. The passengers are made to drink lime juice and water, and those in the steerage are denied meat, in order that the blood may be kept in the best condition possible. All the bedding is placed on deck; the port side is given up to the men and the starboard side to the women. Electric fans are used constantly, and ice is left around in pails for those who may want it, and even then men, women and children die. But worst of all is the effect of the heat on the brain, the sudden insanity and the hasty suicides. No Captain ever entered the Red Sea without dreading the five or six days that it would take him to pass through it.

You Can Boil Anything.

A successful experiment was made at Columbia University in boiling away a silver dime. The dime was cut in strips and laid in the cup of one of the carbons of the arc light. The pointed carbon of the arc was placed above this and a strong current turned on. Under the intense heat the dime melted, simmered and then boiled like water. In two minutes it had boiled away into vapor. Professor Pupin, who conducted the experiment, declared any substance on earth, even granite rock, may be boiled away in similar fashion, if only sufficient heat is brought to bear on it. He also stated that any gas or liquid would freeze if it could be submitted to sufficient cold.

NEW YORK.

The Dark Angel Desolates Two Homes.

ACCIDENT TO REV. DR. GALLAUDET.

The Akoulallion -- Items of Interest.

(Special Correspondence.)

An unusual number of items of more than the ordinary interest are to be chronicled in this week's story of the doings of the deaf of Manhattan, and they are fraught with news of a more depressing nature than usual.

The dread destroyer has visited several homes, and taken away those we could least spare.

Walter McDougal, a deaf-mute graduate of the old 50th Street School, who has been one of Jersey City's sterling, upright and model citizens for years and years, ceased his earthly labors on Saturday, May 27th.

His death was due to hasty consumption, and the disease made such rapid ravages that he had passed away before many of his friends even knew that he was ailing.

Mr. McDougal was twice married, this first wife was a school-mate at the old 50th Street School, and she died a few years ago, leaving a large circle of friends.

His second wife, who was Miss Lizzie Crane, of Newark, N. J., has the sympathy of the entire deaf community.

Mr. McDougal was related to Peter Henderson the great seedsman, whose name is a synonym for rigid integrity in the business world, and Mr. McDougal leaves a reputation similarly established.

By occupation Mr. McDougal was a floriculturist, and had charge of great greenhouses in Jersey City, which form a part of the great Henderson Seed industry.

The funeral took place on Tuesday, May 30th.

Our deaf citizens will learn, with great sorrow, that Reverend Dr. Gallaudet is confined to his bed with an injury to his scalp, and severe strain due to a fall he received while delivering a general sermon over the remains of a dear friend at St. Michael's Church, on Monday, May 23d.

The doctor's advancing years and his physical infirmities have not lessened his enthusiasm, and though his 77th birthday anniversary will be celebrated on his Saturday (June 3d) providing the Doctor's health will permit, he still has the desire to be as energetic as a man a score of years younger. All will join in the fervent wish that the good old doctor recovers from his injury, and that he may enjoy the remaining years allotted to him on earth, in the rest he has so richly earned.

Mr. A. A. Barnes was absent from the city over Sunday, having been called away to the bedside of his sister, who is very sick, in Connecticut.

The remains of little Irene Palmer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Palmer, of Albany, N. Y., were removed from their temporary resting place in that city to the Bothner plot, in the Lutheran Cemetery on Long Island, last Sunday.

Less than twenty-four hours after the family returned from this sad duty, her little cousin, Edith Fredricka Lounsbury, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore I. Lounsbury, died of pneumonia, as was chronicled in these columns last week, and on Wednesday the family were again called to the Lutheran Cemetery, and two mounds of fresh earth mark the resting place of two little daughters of deaf parents.

The funeral service over the remains of Mr. and Mrs. Lounsbury's only daughter were held at the family residence on Wednesday morning, and the rooms were filled with sorrowing relatives and friends. Rev. Mr. Pott, who had baptized the little one, read the funeral service, while Dr. Chamberlain interpreted for the deaf. The floral tributes made a bank on all sides of the bier on which the casket lay.

They were: Large cross of sweet peas, lilies, lily of the valley and red and white roses, from her grand mother, aunts and uncles, Mrs. Bothner, Mrs. Wigand, Mrs. Brickelmaier, George, Fred and Charles Bothner. Roses and pinks from Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Schindler. Calla lilies, roses and pinks from Mr. and Mrs. Hoeland. Carnations and ferns from her grandmother, Mrs. Lounsbury. Roses and ferns from her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Buxton. Japanese lilies and snowballs from Mrs. Rieker. Wreath and pinks and roses from Mr. and Mrs. Dappert. Roses and ferns from her uncle, Mr. William Bothner. Calla lilies and carnations from her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. William Poggen-

burg. Wreath of pink and white roses and ferns from Mrs. Rahss-kopff. Star of red and white roses and pinks from Mr. and Mrs. William Brickelmaier. Roses and pinks from Mr. and Mrs. John J. Amrine.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

On the authority of the lady who makes the announcement, we print the following news item:

Mrs. Dewitt C. DuBois announces the engagement of her daughter to Mr. William D. Stewart, of Yonkers, N. Y.

Decoration Day was spent in the usual way by the deaf populace. The parade no doubt attracted many; the wheels and other divers-tissims had their devotees, and a number, appreciating the significance, visited the resting places of their beloved dead.

Mr. Moses Heyman is weighing the *pros* and *cons* as to the advisability, of making St. Paul the objective point of the annual outing he and his wife take. This will increase the New York City delegation to six, though none have been decided.

St. Paul is a good way off, and the expense of the trip is as great as a two-and-a-half weeks' flyer to London. Ocean rates are low just now, and if it were not for the fact that the Minnesotians are going to be hosts of an unusual high order, New York might not be represented at all, for no matter how much good a convention can offer, if it breaks a hundred dollar bill into "smithereens" the question of expense cuts a figure of formidable proportions.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. L. Schindler enjoyed the performance of "Shenandoah" at the Broadway Theatre on Friday evening last, and are loud in praise of this great war spectacle.

An attendance of nearly two score were edified by a sermon preached by Dr. Chamberlain at St. Ann's on Sunday afternoon. The summer attendance will increase instead of diminish, as the ride up to the Heights on a summer day is a treat in itself. Eight cent fares mean a small saving to some, and, in the aggregate mean quite an amount to others.

Mr. and Mrs. George Abrams, of Boston, are in town to spend the summer. The deprivation this means to the Bean City is the gain of the Gothamites.

Miss Whitlocke, of Carbondale, Pa., is spending a few days with Miss Bertha Block, in this city. They were classmates at Gallaudet College.

The Akoulallion is the theme of conversation whenever the deaf meet, and those who have tried it are thinking of having a set of printed answers to questions that are propounded to them.

The chronicler hereof made a journey to Fanwood to test the Hutchinson contribution to scientific achievement, and though stone deaf for eighteen years, gave the machine a thorough test, and under Dr. Currier's direction, and it is my belief that those who, like him, are without a vestige of hearing, will learn to distinguish sounds, not as hearing people do, but by electrically conveyed vibrations.

The very first test was a phonograph rendering, which the "subject" quickly pronounced as being horns and brass instruments. Dr. Currier and Mr. Van Tassell, who assisted, smiled as they showed deponent the record, which was labeled, March: from "The Bride Elect" (Sousa's Band.)

Next a vocal solo record was placed on the cylinder, and the undersigned at once stated that a man was speaking. Other trials and tests were simply repetitions of the experience of the JOURNAL editor, which have been already narrated in this paper.

While awaiting the time when this apparatus shall have been perfected, with fervid apprehension, it is safe to say that many of us will, in the very near future, have as valuable an aid to our missing senses, as the legless individual enjoys in the contrivances of wood and cork that make him almost as well off as if he enjoyed the "regular understanding."

It is understood that the portable akoulallion will be placed on the market at the uniform price of \$100 each.

Following a protracted test, such as I underwent, the electrical vibrations leave a "tingle" on the ears, not unlike the sensation left after the operation of boxing the ears, such as our immediate maternal progenitors mistakenly indulge in to correct deviations from the straight path which those of tender years are prone to. The sensation remains for twenty-four hours.

The quarterly meeting of the League of Elect. Surds takes place at the Lodge rooms on Saturday evening, June 3d, and it will be very interesting to the brothers, as several candidates are to be raised. The degree team of the lodge have acquired unusual facility in their work, and acquit themselves with no less credit than hearing lodge workers do.

For the next social meeting of New York's deaf people, is the Guild's strawberry festival, which ought to draw a large assemblage. The great trouble with these affairs

in the past, was not a lack of berries and cream—the supply has always exceeded the demand—but the orchestra was the objectionable feature, since it only rendered selections of "chin music." Now, chin music (or, to put it in everyday language, talk) is a good thing in its way, but a preponderance of it at a strawberry festival is too much of a good thing.

It doesn't require long speeches to make ice cream palatable, or to facilitate the digestion of the mis-named straw—berry.

The old prescription always read something like this:

R

Strawberries, - - -	1 plate.
Ice cream, - - -	1 plate.
Lemonade, - - -	1 glass.
Cake, - - -	2 slices.
To be dissolved in 14 minutes.	
Lingue Manus, - - -	2 hours.
DR. GUILD S. WORKER.	

All the ingredients are all right as will be noticed, but the time allotted to speeches can be safely cut down to fifteen minutes.

News comes from Auburn, N. Y., that Samuel A. Taber, a deaf-mute who has been prominent in Central New York for nearly half a century, is slowly sinking and his death is expected at any moment.

The combined Guild Excursion committee have struck a problem that affords much debate. The whole question centers on the matter of refreshments in liquid form. Some insist that nothing but so called soft drinks be permitted, and others contend that as it isn't a church affair, but simply a charitable one in which the church is only remotely interested; that our Teuton brethren, and others who find nothing baleful in the extract of malt and hops, should not be deprived of it a whole day, and especially those who regard it as a necessary essential to their noon-day meal—particularly when that noonday meal is a picnic-basket dinner. After all, the question isn't so very weighty.

A. L. PACHE.

May 31, 1899.

MONTREAL.

THE MACKAY INSTITUTION.

As the close of our school takes place in a few weeks, I feel it incumbent upon me to give you a few items. First comes the examination which was conducted by the Rev. Principal Hackett, Rev. Dr. Williams and Rev. Dr. Mackay. Some of the Board of Management were also present, but no visitors very allowed. As usual the day passed off successfully, and great was the relief depicted on all countenances, and our principal pronounced it "well done." The rest of the day was given to outdoor games, and a very pleasant party in the evening ended the programme for May the tenth.

To-morrow, May the twenty-fourth, will be celebrated by a picnic being given to the pupils on the mountain. Numbers of our former pupils are expected to take advantage of the reduced rates and attend.

Several new bicycles have arrived, the property of pupils and members of the staff. One little boy, Grantly Paterson is the finest wheelsman in the school and is most careful in avoiding the electric cars.

Rowley James, our former caretaker, has returned from a trip to Europe. Thomas Shoullice, who filled his place, will leave shortly for his home in Wakefield, Ont. Although Thomas Shoullice is deaf he never used the finger alphabet, as while he was at school he acquired a good knowledge of lip-reading.

Our special articulation teacher purposes attending the convention at Northampton, Mass.

A new teacher will be added to our staff of instructors next year.

At the beginning of the year electric lights was put all through the building, and we find great relief in being rid of the old coal oil lamps.

The senior boys have been busy this season, decorating all the rooms with daintily tinted borders.

Wishing you all a delightful summer and trusting you may all return to your duties much benefited by your well-deserved rest.

Since writing the above fifteen of our graduates have arrived, and we anticipate a delightful time.

May 23, 1899. G. D.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

JUNE.

3—Evening, Chicago. Social.

4—10:45 A. M., Chicago. Holy Communion.

4—3 P. M., Chicago. Service and Sermon.

5—7:30 P. M., Grand Rapids. Service.

6—Forenoon, Grand Rapids. Convention.

9—7:30 P. M., Detroit. Service.

7—Forenoon, P. M., Detroit. Diocesan Convention at Christ Church.

7—7:30 P. M., Toledo. Service and Sermon.

10—Evening, Columbus.

11—9 A. M., Columbus. Baccalaureate Sermon.

11—11 A. M., Columbus. Holy Communion.

11—8 P. M., Dayton. Service and Sermon.

Write to the Rev. A. W. Mann at Gamiger, Ohio.

STATE OF OHIO.

The Annual Picnic of the Institution Pupils.

AN EMBROIDERY EXHIBIT.

Numerous Notes.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 908 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The grounds of the Institution yesterday were an unusually quiet appearance, and people passing along the streets surrounding them gained the impression that school had been closed for the vacation.

But such was not the fact. The whole household had only taken a day off from the usual routine and had gone out into the country for a little frolic and fresh air. It was the annual picnic day, and the place chosen for the fete was Minerva Park, eleven miles north-east of the city. The weather could not have been improved upon for the occasion. At seven forty-five the pupils assembled in their respective class rooms with their teachers. At eight the start was made for the cars *via* Washington Avenue to Fulton Street, where they were boarded. It took thirteen of them to carry the five hundred or more people. Each car flew at its head the stars and stripes. The ride through the city and country was most delightful and everybody enjoyed it. It took an hour to reach the park, and on reaching there, a break was made for the various places of amusements, the lake, scenic railroad, pavilion, pony track, museum, monkey house, bowling alley, swings, etc. Boating was well patronized, and every child was given a free ticket for a ride on the Scenic Railway, while a great many spent a nickel or more for rides on the pony track. The monkey house had a crowd around it most of the time, watching the antics of what evolutionists claim man is a descendant from. The picnic lunch was served at twelve o'clock, each class by itself, and no one failed to do ample justice to it. The afternoon was spent similar to that of the morning. All who desired attended the performances given in the casino, and most of them did so. The main feature being Prof. V. P. Wormwood's dog and monkey circus. The start for home was made at four o'clock, and half past five all were on the Institution grounds again, tired to be sure, but pleased with the day's outing. Superintendent Byers of the Home, brought the old ladies and gentlemen over to the Park, and they enjoyed themselves greatly mingling with the rest of us as well as the picnic dinner. One of the most interested persons at the picnic was Miss Abigail Carpenter. Her home is near Westerville, which is not far from the park. Very few perhaps of the deaf of this generation know her or have heard of her. Only once before have we met her, and that was at one of the reunions of the Alumni Association some years ago. She was among the first pupils admitted into the school. This was in 1830. The only other person we know of who entered at the same time, and is still living, is Mr. P. M. Park, of Santa Barbara, California. Miss Carpenter, though past four score and five years, still looks hale and her mind is still strong. She seemed very much delighted to have the deaf come and converse with her, and was surrounded most of the time with a group of people who evinced great interest in her.

A contribution party is to be given at the home of Mr. J. W. W. Powell Akron, Ohio, Saturday evening, June 3d. The proceeds are to go towards fitting up a room at the Home. A number of people here have received little satin sacks and asked to contribute their mite.

And now the news is that Miss Mabel M. Fisher is soon to be married. The event is to take place next month.

The lucky gentleman to secure the prize is Mr. J. C. Miller, a teacher in the North Carolina School for the Deaf.

Mrs. Annie Green, *nee* Theirs, died at her home in New California, Ohio, on the 15th inst. The cause was blood poisoning.

Mrs. P. B. Pier, who has been with Mr. and Mrs. George Black, returned to the Home, Monday.

Work in the bindery has again become low, and a number of girls are taking an enforced vacation. Misses McRedmond and Littell are making a visit to Mrs. B. P. Greene, of Toledo.

Born, May 25th, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. D. Black, a boy, weight 9 lbs. Great rejoicing in family!

Luck seems to be against the Independents of late, or else it is the umpire mostly the latter, according to those who are good judges of the game. Saturday they played the O. S. U. Club on the latter's grounds, and everything looked in their favor until the 7th inning, when their opponents were given enough runs to win the game. Score 10 to 14.

Messrs. Bacheberle, Bov, Lowther, Felix and Misses Louisa Fessenbeck, Ranz, Ellerhorst and Herzig, all of Cincinnati, were here Sunday. Mr. Bacheberle is preparing a directory of the deaf in several of the larger cities of the State, and will soon have it ready for distribution.

The last year's pupils of Miss Olivia Brunning, together with Misses Maize, Cottrill, Wiedenmier, and Messrs. Zell, Odebrecht, Charles and Craig, were given a party at her home on Oak Street, Saturday evening, and a very enjoyable evening spent in games, winding up with the serving of refreshments.

Last fall Mrs. Jones, the wife of Superintendent Jones, organized a class in embroidery, made up of eight pupils. All through winter they have been at work upon various pieces. An exhibition of their artistic skill in this line was given one day last week, in the library of the Institution, and we must confess that it exceeded our expectations—in fact, every body who saw the patterns were loud in their estimation of the work. Following is a list, with the name of the lady doing the work: A center-piece of carnations, by Grace Albright. A scarf of corn flowers, by Sarah Johnston. A center-piece of chrysanthemums, by Maggie Owens. A scarf of tulips and center-piece of wild roses, by Katie Harrish. A scarf of corn flowers, by Lena Arnold. A center-piece of roses, by Elizabeth DeLaney. A scarf of pink roses, by Jessie Beer. A scarf of geraniums, by Nina Richards. A center-piece of poppies, by Katie Fox. A center-piece of comatis, by Kolma Jansen. A sofa pillow of poppies, by Katie Miller. A center-piece of wild roses, by Mary Land. A center-piece of cosmos, by Alta Charlton. A center-piece of wild roses, by Ernestine Fisch.

May 27, '99. A. B. G.

THE DEAF OF RUSSIA.

The young Czar of Russia, as his Peace Rescript proves, is a ruler of remarkable enlightenment and initiative. We are pleased to learn, moreover, that, not content with being himself in some respects a little ahead of his age, he is determined that his country, at least, shall not remain behind. The deaf and dumb of Russia are at last to be taken under the protection of the State, and Government schools are to be founded for them throughout the Empire.

Dr. Tchenow estimates that in all Russia there are as many as 200,000 deaf-mutes. Of this number, 45,000 are reckoned to be children of school age. There are at present but 19 schools for the deaf in Russia, with an aggregate of 1,014 pupils, being scarcely 2 per cent of the deaf-mutes of school age. The need that the Czar is now going to supply is therefore very obvious.

The oldest and largest school is that of St. Petersburg, founded in 1806 by Empress Dowager Marie, widow of Paul I., who went to great pains to select competent instructors, and who, as long as she lived, took the most intimate interest in the welfare of the inmates. In order to have the school more under her own eye, she first established it at Pavlovsk, her summer residence, but afterwards removed it to the capital, as a more suitable location. The combined method of instruction was used until 1848, when it was superseded by the pure oral method. The pupils at present number 235.

The next oldest school is at Warsaw, founded in 1817. It contains 130 deaf pupils, besides a number of blind. This is said to have the finest buildings and grounds of any institution, the latter being laid out like a park. Its methods of instruction are eclectic, and it makes manual training a feature. Sunday classes are maintained for old pupils, besides other features of an adult mission.

The Arnold Institute, at Moscow, is the second largest school, with 149 pupils. It was founded in 1880 by Dr. Arnold. Its teaching, which includes instruction in several trades, enjoys the highest repute. Connected with this school is a "Home" for such of its graduates as become disabled from earning their own livelihood. Whether the benevolent founder is a member of the family educationally famous in England, we are not informed.

The 19 Russian schools for the deaf are very unevenly distributed; Finnish Russia with a population of only two millions, having four schools and 141 pupils, whilst the rest of Russia has only 15 schools and 873 pupils. It is surprising to find that the large and prosperous city of Odessa, which has had a school since 1843, can boast of only 9 pupils. The schools at Viazniy, Toula and Saratow are perishing for want of funds.

All the Russian schools, so far, owe their support to private generosity, which is highly creditable to the Russian character, one of the strongest traits of which (strange as some politicians may think it) is love to their neighbour.

CHICAGO.

Appropriate Exercises on Memorial Day.

A DEAF PIONEER DEAD.

Notes of Interest of the Week's Happenings.

[News items for this column may be sent to James Irwin Sansom, Money Order Division, Chicago Postoffice.]

The Pas-a-Pas Club anticipated Decoration Day by giving exercises relating to it on the 27th of May in its largest and best room. The turn out was very gratifying to the Entertainment Committee, as it takes an out-of-the-way program to fill the room. To Messrs. Codman, Frank and Wayman, belong the credit of making it a successful affair. Mr. Codman acted as Master of Ceremonies, Mr. Wayman acted the "brave soldier in blue," while Ben acted as curtain-raiser. Mr. Dougherty was introduced as the speaker of the evening, and alluded to the beautiful custom of decorating the soldiers' graves of both Union and Confederates. Each side thought it was fighting for its principles, but the Union cause triumphed and wrought from the defeated opponents the admission that it was for the best that they lost, for as the result the shackles fell from the hands of three millions. Since then the progress of the colored race has been wonderful, and he hoped the time was not far distant when the color prejudice would grow less and less. The freedom of the press, of speech and of mail should be zealously guarded as they are the pillars of our liberties.

The first living tableau was acted by Mr. Wayman and Mrs. Cornwall. As one of Uncle Sam's boys in blue, Mr. Wayman is represented as being decorated with pinks before starting for the seat of "wah."

Miss Treider, whose impression Mr. Havstad carried across the Atlantic with him, as the most beautiful deaf-mute girl in America (she is a Norwegian, you know) declaimed "America" in a graceful style.

The hit of the evening, however, was the declaiming of "The Battle Hymn of the Lord" by five persons, in signs. They kept in perfect harmony throughout, when it came to the last lines. The persons so participating were Mesdames Bowes and Cornwall, Miss Sinclair, and Messrs. Zollinger and Stephens.

Mrs. Hasenstab related three incidents of shot and shell. The last one, to my mind, was the best, and it related to a little white horse in the recent Spanish war. It belonged to a Spanish General, Roy by name. He was killed by American sharpshooters and his horse became the property of an American surgeon. It was the pet of the Army, and endeared itself to the thirsty soldiers by going to a river and bringing back water in bags prepared for that purpose. It followed the doctor around like a dog, and when he wandered from the camp in a delirium, the horse found him out and brought him back. The doctor took the horse to New York City, where he became a great object of curiosity.

Miss Helen Leyder acted the part of the War Hospital Nurse to Mr. Wayman's that of the wounded soldier. (Her red cross badge is in my pocket now, mine by right of discovery.)

If one should think that beautiful declamation is untaught at the Indiana School, Mrs. Kingon, *nee* Nellie Paten, thoroughly refuted it by declaiming "The Star Spangled Banner," with all the graceful poetry of motion that won for her a good husband.

The last two tableaux, entitled "Off for War" and "A New Recruit" were finely acted by Mr. and Miss Wayman.

Some one wanted to know about about a deaf-mute acting the part of a bugler. Mr. Wayman sat stolid and grim like the sphinx, and answered not.

The next interesting events are the stereopticon entertainment for June 10th, Handel Hall, under the joint auspices of the Paris Delegate Committee of the Chicago Societies of the Deaf. Mr. Walker will interpret Mr. William T. Marshall, the lecturer, while Prof. William M. Roberts will manipulate the views, which by the way are magnificent and colored true to nature. Do not forget the date June 10th. Bring your sweetheart, mother and sister along, for it is the only unique entertainment of its kind for several years, and considerable progress has been made in the stereopticon line the last few years, not dreamed by our grandmothers. The other event is a reception to the gallant Gallaudet boys and girls, returning from Washington, on June 24th.

A party in honor of Mr. Joseph

CHICAGO.

Appropriate Exercises on Memorial Day.

A DEAF PIONEER DEAD.

Notes of Interest of the Week's Happenings.

[News items for this column may be sent to James Irwin Sansom, Money Order Division, Chicago Postoffice.]

The Pas-a-Pas Club anticipated Decoration Day by giving exercises relating to it on the 27th of May in its largest and best room. The turn out was very gratifying to the Entertainment Committee, as it takes an out-of-the-way program to fill the room. To Messrs. Codman, Frank and Wayman, belong the credit of making it a successful affair. Mr. Codman acted as Master of Ceremonies, Mr. Wayman acted the "brave soldier in blue," while Ben acted as curtain-raiser. Mr. Dougherty was introduced as the speaker of the evening, and alluded to the beautiful custom of decorating the soldiers' graves of both Union and Confederates. Each side thought it was fighting for its principles, but the Union cause triumphed and wrought from the defeated opponents the admission that it was for the best that they lost, for as the result the shackles fell from the hands of three millions. Since then the progress of the colored race has been wonderful, and he hoped the time was not far distant when the color prejudice would grow less and less. The freedom of the press, of speech and of mail should be zealously guarded as they are the pillars of our liberties.

The first living tableau was acted by Mr. Wayman and Mrs. Cornwall. As one of Uncle Sam's boys in blue, Mr. Wayman is represented as being decorated with pinks before starting for the seat of "wah."

Miss Treider, whose impression Mr. Havstad carried across the Atlantic with him, as the most beautiful deaf-mute girl in America (she is a Norwegian, you know) declaimed "America" in a graceful style.

The hit of the evening, however, was the declaiming of "The Battle Hymn of the Lord" by five persons, in signs. They kept in perfect harmony throughout, when it came to the last lines. The persons so participating were Mesdames Bowes and Cornwall, Miss Sinclair, and Messrs. Zollinger and Stephens.

Mrs. Hasenstab related three incidents of shot and shell. The last one, to my mind, was the best, and it related to a little white horse in the recent Spanish war. It belonged to a Spanish General, Roy by name. He was killed by American sharpshooters and his horse became the property of an American surgeon. It was the pet of the Army, and endeared itself to the thirsty soldiers by going to a river and bringing back water in bags prepared for that purpose. It followed the doctor around like a dog, and when he wandered from the camp in a delirium, the horse found him out and brought him back. The doctor took the horse to New York City, where he became a great object of curiosity.

Miss Helen Leyder acted the part of the War Hospital Nurse to Mr. Wayman's that of the wounded soldier. (Her red cross badge is in my pocket now, mine by right of discovery.)

If one should think that beautiful declamation is untaught at the Indiana School, Mrs. Kingon, *nee* Nellie Paten, thoroughly refuted it by declaiming "The Star Spangled Banner," with all the graceful poetry of motion that won for her a good husband.

The last two tableaux, entitled "Off for War" and "A New Recruit" were finely acted by Mr. and Miss Wayman.

Some one wanted to know about about a deaf-mute acting the part of a bugler. Mr. Wayman sat stolid and grim like the sphinx, and answered not.

The next interesting events are the stereopticon entertainment for June 10th, Handel Hall, under the joint auspices of the Paris Delegate Committee of the Chicago Societies of the Deaf. Mr. Walker will interpret Mr. William T. Marshall, the lecturer, while Prof. William M. Roberts will manipulate the views, which by the way are magnificent and colored true to nature. Do not forget the date June 10th. Bring your sweetheart, mother and sister along, for it is the only unique entertainment of its kind for several years, and considerable progress has been made in the stereopticon line the last few years, not dreamed by our grandmothers. The other event is a reception to the gallant Gallaudet boys and girls, returning from Washington, on June 24th.

A party in honor of Mr. Joseph

Sonneborn, of New York City, was given at the home of Morton Sonneborn, previous to his departure for Gotham. All report having a royal time. Among those present were Messrs. Kersler, Heinlein, Fraser, Kingon, Dougherty, Kaufman, Kleinhaus, Wayman, Hasenstab, Frank and Hart. Some one asked me to give the party a grand "puff." It is hard to do when the reporter is not "invited." To expect him to "puff" a party and not ask him in, is possessing in check of the common red brick kind. It is only written to show that when New Yorkers come this way, they are honored.

Thomas T. N. Raffington, a pioneer of Chicago, died Saturday, May 27th, at noon, at the advanced age of the scriptural allotment of three score and ten. He was born in Jamaica, West Indies, and was sent to England for his schooling. His brother, Prof. Raffington, was a teacher in the Columbus School for many years. Mr. Raffington was a genial companion, and a jewelry engraver by profession. His skill in engraving door plates, rings and watches was marvelous, and his deft fingers retained their skill of transferring immortal beauty to gold and silver plates up to a few years ago. He leaves two children and his lifelong companion, Mrs. Raffington, the first mute pioneer of Chicago. Silently and swiftly has the "Angel of Death" stayed the hands of one whose life-motto has been "Silently and Swiftly."

Joseph H. Kolhoff, formerly of Benton Harbor, Mich., has set up a tailor shop at Burnside, Ill., a few miles from Chicago.

Mr. Dougherty is the proud possessor of a type-written letter from W. J. Bryan, acknowledging receipt of a newspaper clipping.

MUTE KILLED BY THE CARS.

A Northwestern fast passenger train struck a deaf and dumb named William G. Ritchie near the northern limit of the city shortly after 9 o'clock yesterday morning, killing him instantly. Circumstances indicate that Ritchie was standing on the track watching the pile driving that is in progress on the line of the Illinois Central near Big Lake, perhaps a hundred yards or so from where he stood. Absorbed in the work on the pile driver, he failed to see the train coming towards him at a rapid rate from the city or feel its warning rumble until it was upon him, and then his efforts to get out of the way were in vain. The pilot of the engine struck him first, breaking his legs just above the ankle; in the very same instant almost his head was dashed against the boiler head and crushed like a bit of fragile shell. So great was the force of the blow that his head was split open from the forehead over the top of the head to a point just back of the right ear. The entire right side of the brain was forced from its box of bone and scattered about the track.

For some time before the man was hit, the engineer of the passenger train saw him on the track and he sounded his whistle vigorously to warn him of his danger. Not knowing that Ritchie was deaf, the engineer expected that he would get off the track at the last moment. "So many people stay on the track until the last minute," said the engineer, "that we can never tell whether they are going to get off the track or stay on. This bothers us more than any other thing that happens to us in railroading. I whistled as hard as I could and I thought the man would get off, so I didn't slow up the train enough to prevent it hitting him."

The train was brought to a standstill immediately after the man was hit, and with his body on board it backed to the city station, from which place it was taken by Undertaker Lunkey. An inquest will be held by Coroner Treynor this morning at 10 o'clock.

William G. Ritchie was a laboring man, about 39 years old, lying at 18 Third Street. He has been employed by E. A. Wickham & Co. as a dirt shoveler. Not only was he near and dumb, but his wife is similarly afflicted. He leaves beside his wife three small children—two girls and a boy. He has parents living at Missouri Valley and a sisters at Crescent City. His family is left in very poor circumstances.

No blame whatever was attached by the coroner's jury to the Northwestern railroad company for the death of William G. Ritchie, the deaf-mute who was struck by the Northwestern passenger train north of the city Tuesday morning. Coroner Treynor held the inquest yesterday morning at Lunkey's undertaking establishment and was assisted by a jury consisting of W. C. Joseph, J. W. Scott and E. McWilliams. They found that Ritchie came to his death by being accidentally struck by an engine and train on the Northwestern railway.

The funeral was held at 2:30 Friday afternoon from Lunkey's undertaking rooms on Broadway. The service were conducted by Rev. Mr. Wilson of the Congregational Church. Interment was in Fairview Cemetery.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil, May 3d and 4th.*

NOTABLE "SCOOPS."

HOW SOME GREAT FACTS GOT INTO THE NEWSPAPERS

Of the long list of important bits of news caught by chance in the journalistic world none surpassed the manner in which a New York paper secured the account of the sinking of the British man-of-war Victoria some years ago. As may be remembered, the unfortunate craft was rammed in a naval maneuver off the coast of Algiers. A coasting vessel brought the news to a little station of a Dutch cable company, which promptly sent the news to its headquarters. The European correspondent of the New York paper caught the tip from a friend in the employ of the company, and, hastening to the British admiralty office, laid the catastrophe before it. He was laughed at for his pains, but nevertheless cabled all he could get on the matter to his paper. Two days after the thing was world news, but the London paper had been obliged to copy from an American contemporary the most startling piece of news of the year.

When the news of Gladstone's intended resignation was first published, few people in all England believed it to be true. No one could realize how he could relinquish his commanding position. However, the premier was in earnest and confidentially mentioned his determination to a friend at a restaurant. A waiter happened to overhear him, and, hastening to the office of a leading daily, offered to sell his news. It is said that he received \$1,500 for it.

When Lord Randolph made up his mind to resign his portfolio under Salisbury, he drove to the London Times and made known his decision. He had shrewdly calculated that after being so kind as to bring in such a "scoop" in person, the paper, although on principle opposed to him, would hardly censure his action. But the editor of the greatest paper in the world preferred principle to news. On hearing of Churchill's plans his indignation knew no bounds. He took no pains to conceal his abhorrence of the scheme. "This news is indeed enormously important," he said; "it will make a great sensation. But if you choose to have it so you may take it to some other paper, and not a line shall appear tomorrow in ours. The Times cannot be bribed!"

The nobleman left in a towering rage, and the Times scored him unmercifully in its announcement of his resignation.

Bismarck himself revealed to M. de Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the London Times, a scheme to overthrow the French empire. The German government, jealous of the increasing power of France, intended to pick some petty quarrel with the other, invade Paris and level the city to the ground. The Iron Chancellor had long opposed the plan, and now, being utterly unable to cope with his enemies, divulged the matter in hopes that England might interfere. England, long watching the growing power of Germany, did interfere. The balance was maintained.

A piece of information of the gravest importance to Great Britain leaked out at a dinner table. The editor of a London paper, staying when the hours were small and the bowl had somewhat freely flowed, overheard the French ambassador say that the khedive was about to sell his shares in the Suez canal. The journalist left the table immediately and hastened to Lord Derby with the news. Rothschild, when appealed to, readily found \$20,000,000, and the shares were in a week the property of England. Had the strip of land comprised in the khedive's claim been transferred to France, international complications of incalculable importance might have resulted.

Baby Men.

Sometimes we think that one thing which make hard times harder, is the number of baby men running about. You can hear them squeal almost any time of day or night. By baby men, we mean those fellows who are easily knocked out. Here are a few specimens: One who quits work for a week on account of a frosted finger. A man who lies abed till nine o'clock on account of the cold. One who is jealous because his neighbor is getting to the front by hard work. A man who is afraid he will soil his hands. One who wants some one else to support him. A man who blames his wife for being poor. One who blames the government because his ancestors did not leave him any money. A strong, healthy man, who cries because he is tired. A man who gets sick for want of exercise. One who will not hustle. The dandy and the whiner; soft men who are afraid to run, jump or kick.

Pretty men who are just too sweet to live. Tondies, sillies and foolies. The world is full of baby men, and there is no use looking for the millennium, nor even for extra good time till they are grown up.—*Waterdown (S. D.) Times.*

Strawberry and Ice Cream Festival

under the auspices of
NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTE SOCIETY
to be held at
No. 755 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

**Saturday Evening,
June 10th, 1899**
at eight o'clock.

ADMISSION. - - - 25 CENTS

JOHN M. BLACK, Chairman,
A. L. THOMAS, PAUL KEES.

Strawberry Festival...

BY THE
**GUILD OF
Silent Workers**

**Thursday Evening,
June 15th, '99,**
AT 8 P.M.

Guild Rooms of
St. Ann's Church,
148th St. W. of Amsterdam Ave.

Pleasant features in the way of
Recitations, Dialogues, etc.,
will be introduced.

Tickets, - 25 Cents.

**A \$7.00 Book of
Eugene Field's
Poems.**

Handsome Illustrated by the
World's Greatest Artists.

to each person interested
in subscribing to the
Eugene Field Monument
Souvenir Fund. Sub-
scribe any amount de-
sired. Subscriptions as
low as \$1.00 will entitle
the donor to the hand-
some volume (cloth
bound, 8x11), as a sou-
venir certificate of sub-
scription to fund. Book contains a selec-
tion of Field's best and most representative
works and is ready for delivery.

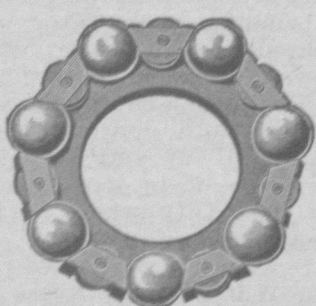
But for the noble contribution of the
world's greatest artists this book could not
have been manufactured for less than \$7.00.
The Fund created is divided equally be-
tween the family of the late Eugene Field
and the Fund for the building of a monu-
ment to the memory of the beloved poet of
childhood. Address:

**EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT
SOUVENIR FUND**

130 Monroe St., Chicago.

If you also wish to send postage, enclose 10 cts.

Mention the JOURNAL, as adv. is inserted as our
Contribution.



**1041 MILES
IN
10 HOURS.**

With each returning season we show
something new and desirable in bicycle con-
struction. One of the good things this season
is the **Burwell Ball and Roller
Bearing.** Examine the illustration—the
little steel roller between the balls transfers
the motion without interruption, and the
balls cannot grind together as in ordinary
bearings.

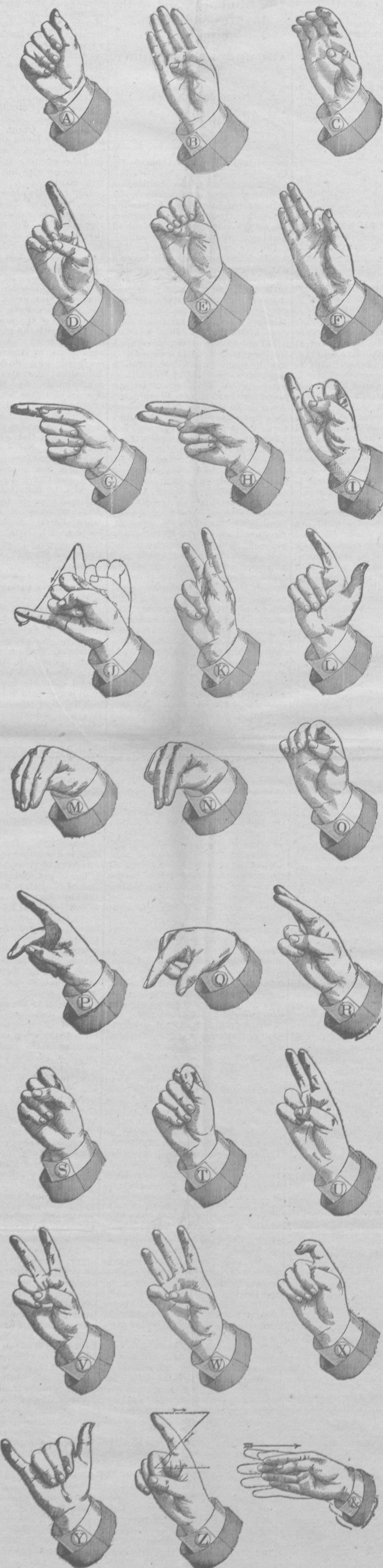
We have been running the spindles of
our cup and cone grinding machines,
mounted in Burwell Ball and Roller Bear-
ings, at a speed of 25,000 turns per minute,
10 hours per day for many weeks, and the
bearings are **RIGHT.** The circum-
ferential travel of these spindles is **1041
Miles in 10 Hours**—a greater test
for endurance than the bearing would be
subjected to when used in a bicycle for an
ordinary lifetime. Ordinary bearings under
the same conditions cannot be run at
more speed than 12,000 turns per minute.
There is nothing "ordinary" about Cleve-
land Bicycles. Every piece of material and
every hour of labor is the best money can
buy. Send for catalog.

H. A. LOZIER & CO.
MANUFACTURERS.
CLEVELAND BICYCLES.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

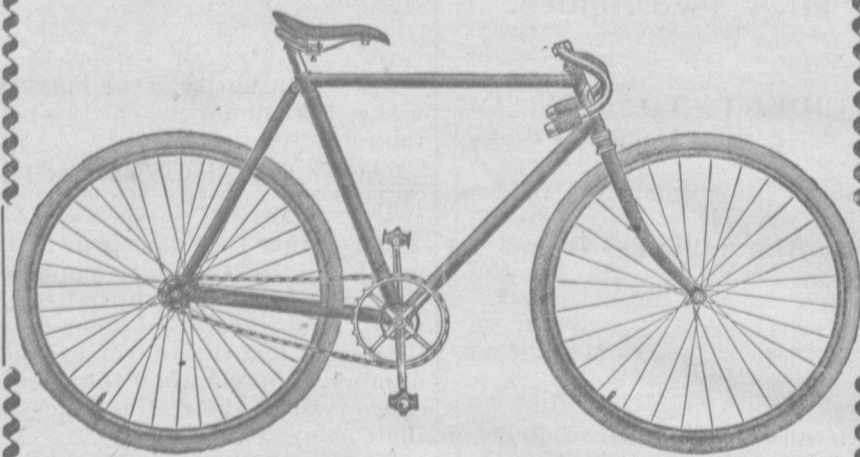
BRANCH HOUSES:

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia,
Buffalo, Boston, Toronto, Detroit, San
Francisco, London, Paris, Hamburg.

American Manual Alphabet.



The "White"



RIDDEN by the professional racer, it has proven a winner
oftener than any in competition. Ridden by the non-
professional, by the "scorcher," for business or pleasure, it
has a record second to none. Material used in its construction,
pains-taking care in manufacturing details, ease in running, and
handsome, symmetrical design are a few of its claims for superiority.
Reasonable prices, coupled with high values, are characteristics of
the "WHITE." Our long established reputation guarantees the
excellence of our product.

Models A and B.....\$50.00
Model C (30-in. wheel)..... 60.00
"Special Racer"..... 65.00
Models E and F (chainless)..... 75.00

White Sewing Machine Company,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

PACH BROS.

**Art Photographers,
935 B'way, N. Y.**

PERMANENT BRANCHES.

Cambridge, Mass.
Princeton, N. J.
New Haven, Conn.

WINTER STUDIOS.

Lakewood, N. J. West Point, N. Y.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Williamstown, Mass.
Amherst, Mass. Northampton, Mass.
Wellesley, Mass.

SUMMER STUDIOS.

Long Branch, N. J.
Ocean Grove, N. J.

COLUMBUS PHOTOS.

Now Ready—Panel Style, \$1.25

General Group,
Principals and Supt's,
Corn Cob, etc., etc.

Principal Mathison says: "Photographs
just splendid, like all your work."

Principal Connor says: "Pictures are
fine, in fact hard to beat."

Ranald Douglas.

General Landscape
Photographer
Railway Scenery a
Specialty

We also make
Etchings on Copper
and Zinc from our
own Negatives only.

Livingston, N. J.
New York Office
401 W. 59th St. Cor. Columbus Ave.

Groups

OR SINGLE PICTURES

with scenery, or house as back-
ground, a specialty.

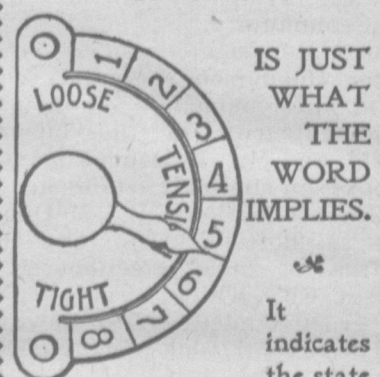
For particulars, write or call on

JOHN L. CONNERTON,
River, cor. Hoosick Street,
TROY, N. Y.

PATENTS

Quickly secured. OUR FEE DUE WHEN PATENT
OBTAINED. Send model, sketch or photo, with
description, for free report on patentability. **45-PAGE
HAND-BOOK FREE.** Contains references and full
information. WRITE FOR COPY OF OUR SPECIAL
OFFER. It is the most liberal proposition ever made by
a patent attorney, and EVERY INVENTOR SHOULD
SEND IT before applying for patent. Address:
H. B. WILLSON & CO.
PATENT LAWYERS,
La Droit Bldg., WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Tension Indicator



IS JUST
WHAT
THE
WORD
IMPLIES.
It
indicates
the state
of the tension at a glance.
Its use means time saving
and easier sewing.
It's our own invention
and is found only on the

**WHITE
Sewing Machine.**

We have other striking
improvements that appeal to
the careful buyer. Send for
our elegant H. T. catalog.

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.
Cleveland, Ohio.

For Sale by
WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.,
24 Union Square, New York.

GEORGE W. WELSH'S SON

**Diamonds
Watches Jewellery
Silver**

231 and 233 Greenwich Street
cor. Barclay
NEW YORK

Fine Watch, Jewellery and Diamond
Repairing

TELEPHONE No. 3846 CORTLANDT

Theo. I. Lounsbury

**Book
Job and
Commercial
Printer**

Convention Proceedings
Institution Reports
Institution Stationery
Society and Church Work

**208 East 59th St.,
NEW YORK, N. Y.**

ALPHABET CARDS.

50 Cards, with name,	.35
100 " " " "	.50
250 " " " "	1.00
50 Cards, without name	.20
100 " " " "	.35
250 " " " "	.75

FINE VISITING CARDS.

50 Cards (no alphabets),	.35
100 " " " "	.60